## AFFLICTED BRAZIL.

Half a Million of Her People Swept Away.

CEARA DEPOPULATED.

Greatest Calamity in Two Hundred Years.

DROUGHT, FAMINE, PESTILENCE.

Starving Peasants Eating Their Own Offspring.

DEATH'S TERRORS

Unburied Bodies Torn and Devoured by Wild Animals.

SMALLPOX VICTIMS.

Thousands in Open Trenches Rotting at Lagoa-Funda.

BLACK PLAGUE AT WORK

Graphic Sketches of the Most Horrible Visitation of Modern Times.

CEARA, Brazil, Dec. 30, 1878. I question if one American in ten has ever de roted more than a passing thought to this famine in Northern Brazil. Most people do not know of it at all. How should they when the newspapers have tained no more than brief notices-little paragraphs to be remembered dreamily as something that is occurring in another planet? A month or two past there were notices of the smallpox epidemic, mortuary figures so large that they forced themselves on the bulletin boards, but I suppose that hardly anysody connected these accounts with those of the previous drouth and famine. Besides, all notices come indirectly by way of Rio, and I know from experience that no correct idea can be obtained there. What I did learn at Rio was enough to show me the importance of the subject; beyond that nothing but mortuary statistics and vague accounts from men who had passed through Ceará. I determined, therefore, to visit the famine district and get my information at first hand. Now, God knows I do not exaggerate, but I can hardly believe myself the horrors that I write. I can hardly believe that the world has been so indifferent to one of the greatest calamities in her history. The Chinese and Ind famines will not compare with this one when we consider the proportion of population. Our yellow fever dead would hardly have been noticed in the great cometery of Ceará. The plague of London is the only comparison that I know of for these pestilences in Brazil, but the plague was a dwarf to this giant. What of a petty European war that changes boundary, perhaps, and carries off two or three hundred thousand men out of 100,000,000? What is it to a scourge which has destroyed a province as large as France (destroyed it, for nothing but the ground is

The famine of 1877-78 is confined to that part of Brazil which is known as the Sertao. This region is utterly unlike the matted forest flats of the Amazon or the gneiss mountains of Rio. It is a rolling plain ascending gradually from the sea coast and diversified everywhere with isolated hills and mountains. There is forest growth, but it is low and not thick, much more like our Northern woods than one is apt to imagine for tropical growth. Portions of the laud are open plains, with only scattered trees; in other places the woods have been cut away over extensive tracts. In the Sertae the seasons are very sharply divided. The rainy months proper extend from January to June or July; the remainder of the year is dry, so dry that the trees shed their leaves and the grass is all withered. People can only ob tain water by digging for it in the dry beds of streams, for there are no perennial rivers in the Bertao. Only in some districts there are light showers in October, the so-called charar de cajú, or eachen rains, when the tree of that name is in bloom. It sometimes happens that the winter months remain dry like the others-a terrible calamity for the poorer people, because they depend for a living on the products of their little plantations, and the crops can only be raised during the rains. The droughts have left black marks on the history of Northern Brazil. Hardly one of the dozen or more on record has failed to count its victims by hundreds or thousands, and the material loss is immense. We understand this better if we consider the peculiar status of the population.

left), swept a whole population from the earth, with

In this part of Brazil there are no manufacture whatever, very few mines, no fisheries of importance, no forest industries. The community is exclusively agricultural and pastoral. There are immense herds of cattle, considerable plantations of sugar, cotton, &c., and the poorer people plant man diocs and corn, using the land of their richer neighbors, for whom they do a little work occasionally. Whether it be for the pasturage of cattle or the growth of crops the whole community depends on the soil, and hence on the fertilizing rains of winter. If the, rains do not come the people starve Again, the population has to suffer terribly because it has no help in itself. Of the 2,500,000 nominal inhabitants of the Sertao not 100,000 are rich men, or even reasonably well off. The vast majority are an Arab-like race, produced by the intermixture of the blacks, whites and Indians—people who have no property and never try to rise above their normal dition. Probably this is the most degraded class in Brazil; immoral, ignorant and abominably filthy, hardly washing flesh or clothes from one year's end to the other. The dress generally is of coarse cotton. white or blue; the men with a pair of drawers, a shirt hung loosely outside of them and a broadbrimmed leather hat; the women with only chemise, skirt and a cloth to throw over their heads. These people live in palm thatched hute; the

women do most of the farm work; the men gain a few dollars as herdamen or by hiring themselves out for a day occasionally. The upper classes, on the contrary, will compare favorably with any in Brazil. Most of them are pure whites; they are intelligent, brave, domestic-far shead, in fact, of the Rio or Sao Paulo Brazilians. This mixed population was distributed through the Sertao, much as the people are in our Western communi ties-there were numerous villages and hamlote joined together by tolerable roads, hardly any raffroads, and, as I have intimated, no navicable rivers. It is important to note this, as it explains much of the suffering brought on by the drought. The Sertao is a strip averaging 500 miles in width, extending from the Parabyba River southward along the coast or near it to the S. Francisco; thence between the coast range of mountains it is continued southwestward to Minas Geraes, almost in the latitude of Rio. The drought of 1877-78 was felt all over this tract, but its black nucleus was in the province of Ceará. This province, to which my observations were confined, is about as large as the Middle States. In 1876 it contained 900,000 inhabitants, of which at least 750,000 were non-proprietors—the poor people of whom I have written. The province contained only one port of importance, its capital; this is indifferently set down on the maps as Fortaleza, or Ceará; its normal population is 25,000. The streets are well laid out and in general the little city is one of the prettiest and nestest in Brazil. There is no harbor; vessels anchor in the open roadstead and passengers are taken to and fro in little sailing rafts-tangadas or catamarans. .

PIRST TERRORS OF 1877.

With these preliminary remarks on the Sertao and the province of Ceará, your readers are in a position to understand the drought and its terrible effects. In Ceara the winters of 1875, 1876 and 1877 were all remarkable for torrential rains. The poor people had abundant harvests from their little clearings, and all went on happily enough. They were preparing to plant again with the rains of January. But early in the winter of 1878 vague reports of drought began to circulate in Fortaleza. It was said that Crato, Jeo, Telha and other villages of the interior had had no rains; that the cattle were dying, and even the poorer people began to be pinched for food, even went so far as seriously to fear a bad year. The government papers insisted that these reports were a fiction of the opposition; but when the 1st of March came and the rumors were worse than ever the Bishop ordered prayers in all the churches ad pretendam phevium. Still, except for this uneasy feeling that ran through all business, there was nothing unusual observed in the pleasant city or the villages around it. I visited the place in March, 1877. The drought was then a subject of general conversation; but nobody understood the extent of the calamity. Suddenly, like a thunderbolt, there came to the quiet town a message of terror; mon's faces grew white: men's hearts sank within them, for they knew what the words prophesied. It was from Telha, in the interior of the province, a letter dated March 8, so that it must have reached Fortaleza about March 20. The words were simple enough:-

Now this was early in March, when the drought had

lasted no more than two months, when it was not yet certain that the year would be altogether a bad one. But the poor Sertafiejo is so evenly balanced with nature that he cannot stand a fresh strain. His mandioca fields are for a year only. In a year' and a month he will starve, unless he has new crops. It was a sad month in the Serteo-this one of March. In some places there had been light showers, but the young grass growth from these had dried up on the black plains. There were no leaves only mute nature can. Children were crying for food in the palm thatched huts. All the carth cried for The large cattle proprietors began to kill their stock in order to get the meat and hides while there was time. The peasants gathered around these slaughter houses to beg a morsel of flesh, and, for the most richer Cearences are not the men to refuse an alms. But where there were no cattle the poor people suffered dreadfully. Already they began to devour the mucuman seeds (like a red bean) and forest roots-up starving people do ? April came with a blazing sun; no hope of rains. The people, indeed, were in despair. They had formed long pentiential processions, cutting themselves with sharp knives or carrying heavy stones on their heads. Now they began to flee from the country to the larger villages. Some of them came down to the city of Fortaleza, ragged, dirty wretches, with famine marks on their faces, with famine weakness in their thin forms. And still the government in bring their party into disreputs. The people were esting cats and dogs by this time, when they could of richer neighbors. The strain was so great that private charity began to fail. Cattle stealing and petty thefts of provisions were of everyday occur-rence. Letters written at this time already con-

ained sad pictures. Here is one from S. Pedro;-PLANTERS HARASSED BY THIEVES AND PAMINE.

The vegetables planted in the plains are entirely lost; those on the hilis are ready to die for want of a little rain. There is no food on the lowlands. Scores of poor people have been obliged to migrate to the mountains in search of refuge from the famine. Many are in such a miserable condition that it cuts our nearts. If we do not soon have public aid many people will die of hunger. But, what is more, a band of vagabonds and thieves have invaded the mountain lands along with the refugees; we are obliged to keep some thirty soldiers under arms to guard against their attacks.

This picture is from Canindé:— PLANTERS HARASSED BY THIEVES AND PAMINE This picture is from Caninde:-

Provisions are already very scarce, and what there is is too costly for the poor people. They have nothing to buy with. They go begging through the streets. Ah! my friend, the picture is a sad one. A penitential procession was tormed; more than a thousand persons walked the streets barefooted and carrying great stones. Two hundred of the penitents cut themselves in a horrible manner. I met two men carrying a dying woman to be confessed. I asked what disease she was smitten with. "Hunger," they said.

From Telha this was received :--

From Telha this was received:—

The pastures are changed into deserts, only rarely crossed by some solitary animal, once the flower of the herd. Here is a group of thirty poor people in rags, squalid, with misery stamped in their faces. They carry their little, household goods on their heads or over their shoulders. They are flying to Carlry where, I fear, they will seek vainly for help, I traversed a region of 120 miles long and never saw a green leaf. Some villages are completely abandoned; in others the water is disappearing; there is not even enough for the traveller's horse. Men, women and children clothed in rags on foot, dying of hunger, form a sad picture along the highways. A family of peasants, lying to the hill country, passed the night in the forest. In the carly morning the older ones went on, abandoning two children, who were too weak from familiae to keep up with them. A little later some passers by found the children—one dead, the other dying. Mandicea meal is selling at 51 milreis the bushel (about twice the ordinary price), and it can hardly be obrained as that. some passers by found the childron—one dead, other dying. Mandicea mesi is selling at 51 mithe busies (about twice the ordinary price), and it hardly be obtained at that. Beans and corn, on with poorer people so much depend, cannot be bot at any price. The peasants live on wild roots, on wholesome seeds, on the fiesh of unclean animals. From Aracaty, under date of May 18, 1877, a letter

my Friend—The picture of misery which is un-reiling before us is so sad that we would fain turn away our eyes. Immigration from the country around has been increasing rapidly; we calculate that by the end of the month it will reach 5,100. Im-agine this mass of famine stricken, starving people of the worst customs is the midst of our aircady im-poverished city and altegether without resources! It is only a part of the truth.

DESPERATE STRUGGLE FOR LIPE. was a feature of the drought. The poor people from the first sought refuge in the interior towns or at Fortaleza. Some fied to neighboring provinces,

where, however, matters were hardly better. In dying of hunger. And this, remember, was only in the beginning of the evil time. Think of the suffering all through this weary; weary year; think how people who were starving in April must have lived in July, October, December, with the brazen sun every hour drawing away the little moisture that was left. It was no longer a question of saving herds and crops, but of saving human lives. The cattle had died long before this summer was over. Not a tenth part survived of the immense herds sheep and goats had fallen a prey to starving robber bands. It was unsafe to travel alone, even by day, so desperate were the poor people. The influx of refugees to the villages and towns was enormous— fifteen or twenty thousand was no unusual number in a place whose normal population was no more than two or three thousand. By the end of the year loza lying on the sands under buts made of boughs begging where they could, and finally dying in the streets, because private charity was exhausted. My a repetition of sad scenes—hunger, pentilence, as-sassination, ruin of the rich, dying of the poor. I will quote only from a few. The first was from

Helf vs, for the love of gop.

Help me to succor this poor people, dying of hunger. I am just mounting my horse to go and confees two poor creatures who are expiring, I do not wish to say of hunger, but that is what appears. Here is a family for whom, alas! I can do nothing—father, mother and little children—all prostrated with famine. This is horrible. Help us, for the love of God.

From Quixadá, June 19:-From Quixada, June 19:—
To the famine you must add nakedness and pestilence. The woods are intested with robbers. I cannot describe it. On all the roads there is a continual procession of emigrants. In one single road from the centre, which passes by a friend's house, he counted 4,619 refugees up to the 14th of May. You can thus have an idea of what is passing on the other roads.

From Bom Jesus, June 4:-

From Jardim, June 12:-

Mandioca meal is solling here at \$24 to \$30 the bushel, normal price, \$3; corn at \$29, normal \$4; beans at \$40, normal \$4; rice at \$16, normal \$3, and sait at \$40, normal \$4; and all this is only nominal; even the richer ones are suffering from hunger. From Pacatuba, June 25:-

From the priest at Quixadá, June 21:-

It is impossible to describe the misery here. Think of a house with six naked, skeleton children crying with hunger, and a poor, miserable mother sick on the filthy bed, tortured less with her disease than to see the little ones begging for bread. Think, again, of families begging in the streets, among them old men and pretty young girls, almost naked, or with only dirty rags to cover them; abandoned children, who can no longer drag themselves along, begging for bread on their bended knees; then you will have a poor idea of the state of things here.

From Schoeira June 12. From Saboeiro, June 12:-

Yesterday there was buried a boy named Steven; ied of hunger. HEARTLESS CREDITORS.

A longer letter comes from Cococy, June 20. transcribe it because it shows how the famine was

making itself felt in all classes, and how some bad spirits took advantage of the suffering. It is from a

spirits took advantage of the suffering. It is from a priest:—

It is no longer necessary to say that we had no winter, that the people are dying of hunger. To this terrible blow another comes to exaggerate our ills. The shopkeepers are more and more inclined to gain money at the expense of these peop victims of hunger. My ministry carries mo to the hut of the peasant as well as to the mansion of the rich, and in both I have witnessed scenes that tear my heart and fill me with indignation. Now I see a father whose family is already suffering from famine. He has only one horse with which he might go to seek a load of provisions in Planty; this horse is taken away from him by his creditors. Another has no horse, but he has a single ox, which he might kill to feed his children on their journey to some place of safety; this is torn away from him. Another has neither horse nor ox, but he has a few goats that might serve to keep the family alive for a little; but these are taken by the creditors. Still another has neither horse nor ox nor yet a single goat; his family is sustained only with wild reots; but he has a good dog to hunt with; it is taken. One of these merchasts, more humane than the others, said to me:—"What can I do, Your Reverence? I liever was so heartbroken as during this year in collecting my debts. I never saw so much miseey. The other day I went to demand payment of a poor man, but an honest one, who had always met me promptly until now. The man burst into tears. 'I will pay you, said he; you shall have all there is (there was nothing), but what will become of me and my little ones?' I pitted him so that I told him he might rest easy for this year; but what will become of me and my little ones?' To pitted him so that I told him he might rest easy for this year; but what will become of me with my creditors in the city?' Ah, my friend, in what condition do the other poor families remain who are tortured by creditors?' The father hours his children weeping; he goes to seek mucuman seeds and roots of t

ocean of our misery ?

Ulixaba, August 5.

I had hoped until very lately that people would not die of hunger here, but there can no longer be any doubt of it. Already I have seen persons fall in the streets stricken by faralne.

control it. Already I have seen persons fall in the streets streken by faralne.

Crato, August 19, 1877.

Yesterday there arrived here the aid commission appointed by the government. Hardly was the notice received when the poor people came crowding around the door in thousands begging for help. In the midst of this confusion a poor young woman of decent family and well appearing forced her way into our presence with her skeleton mother and an emaciated child on her arm. She told of a husband dying at home, said that the child had long had only her milk for sustenance, and that was disappearing because of the wild fruits and roots that she ate. While we were listening to her the child died in her arms. Think of our condition. We in this house, like others, have gone without our dinner more than once that we might save a rew wretches from death. A group of bony children, with no more strength to sustain themselves on foot while they beg for bread; one falls and dies of hunger on the payement. Here again a group of young girls, completely nude, yet they must beg for bread with the rest.

EVERYWHERE SUNGER AND DEATH. A priest writes from Quixada on the 29th of Ser

A priest writes from Quixada on the 29th of September:—

I arrived here yesterday and I know not how to write, impressed as I am with the pictures of misery which I have encountered. It is horrible to travel here in the interior. On the roads I saw only interminable processions of refugees, naked, bony, and deathlike, trembling with cold and hunger. Many fall by the roadside almost inanimate, as happened at Riacho de Castro, where a poor man fell down with his three children and would have died but for a Sefier Moura, who gave them a morsel of food. The people have given way to despair. Full of grief I send you notice of the death of five persons, rigorously speaking, of hunger, and this within the village! We find people fallen on the pavement.

With this letter the priest sent a list of five per sons dead of hunger. A little later no one though of lists; it was the number of scores or hundred that had died. The priest adds a postscript:--

that had died. The pricet adds a postecript:—

As I closed this a poor woman came to the house, a
mother whose children were no longer able to work.
She said that she could only give them water and a
little said. A refugee woman came to ask bread for
her father, who had fallen from hunger by the river
side. And here again is a father who brings six little
skaleton children to beg. Enough, enough, my
friends! God have pity on us!

SOULS SOLD FOR BREAD, to transcribe), telling of the depredations of robber bands, who overrun the whole region, stealing the few remaining cattle and goats, burning houses, killing men, outraging women. Similar letters from other places, for, like all great national calamities, the drought awakened the worst passions, drove humanity from the breast of men. Young girls semetimes sold themselves for a little food. But way should I go on transcribing letters that are only repetitions of the same horrible facts? Those of November and December contain longer lists of deaths, or, where there is no space for the lists, a calculation of so many fallen each day or week—a dozen, perhaps, tion of letters only tells the story of a few interior towns; of the other villages and little cities

But it was the same almost everywhere; only a few favored places along the mountain sides escaped the general ruin. Even at Fortaleza men were dying in the streets, and yet the city was in constant commu nication with Rio, Pernambuco and Para by weekly

PRIVATE CHARITY ABOUNED Meanwhile what was being done to help the starvng province? The first reports were, as I have said, too vague to attract much attention outside of Ceará itself; but with the more decided notices of March Brizilians began to see that their brothers needed help. The first response was from Pernambuco, A public subscription was started and soon reached a came in with aid; then the populace of Rio took it up, for even in that city there are ready impulses for good. The people gave their money and their time, is they had before to the victims of inundation in Portugal. It is true they combined all with pleasure up in aid of the sufferers. But, after all, the heart feeling was good and the subscriptions large for Brazil. Provisions purchased and sent to Ceará—not always wisely purchased, I fear, but that was mistake rather than fault. Shipowners carried these supplies without charge. A "Central Commission of Succor" was charity was not strong enough for the crisis. That was soon apparent, and from all sides came appeals has never yet shown itself equal to an emergency. pretty much confined to talking and drawing salaries—the government machine goes on well enough; but a Paraguayan war or a Ceará famine upsets all this clockwork and after that we can depend on nothing but incompetence and general chaos. I grant that the famine found the imperial government in an exceedingly bad condition. The finances were in a nous state. There was a deficit of \$50,000,000 and a defaulting Cabinet into the bargain. There were ron-clads to pay for and the army to support, and political friends waiting for places. And then it was so much easier to shut the official eyes to this far away evil. "Very likely it was exaggerated after all." Indeed, the government organ at Ceará had said as

much, and "the peasants were improvident and sure

TARRY GOVERNMENT ATD So the Senators and Delegates and Ministers rested asily, dawdled and talked, and gave a little aid very, very tardily. A credit of \$1,000,000 (\$1 each to sur port a million of starving people for a year) was oted, after much debate, but it was long before the money reached Ceará and the other drought-stricken provinces, and meanwhile the million people were ighting starvation in all the Sertao. The Provincial government had been more prompt, because the vil was immediately before its eyes. Even in March aid commissioners had been appointed, and small posal. But all through this year the commis were nearly helpless for want of supplies. I hear of for a week, and that where provisions were at famine prices. I find that up to September, 1877, the sufferers in Ceará had received government and private aid to the amount of about \$350,000, and probably the richer Cearenees had given away \$150,000 to their poor neighbors Now I can hardly calculate at less than 500,000 the indigent population existing here at that time. We reach the conclusion that during the five months— April to August, inclusive—each starving person had eceived \$1. I know from personal experience with workmen that in northern Brazil a man cannot be well fed, however coarsely, for less than twenty cents per day, and you must remember that provi-sions at this time were ruinously high, and in most places there were absolutely no crops. No wonder that the people died. From September to December, inclusive, when the necessity was much greater, the entire aid received by this province was about \$700,000. The beginning of a new year found the Provincial Treasury empty, the general government indifferent, only private charity as ready as ever. Government and private aid was often badly administered, though in the main I believe there was little dishonesty—rather incompetence and laziness. The refugees were allowed to congregate about large towns; to live in filthy, crowded huts; to clothe their filthy bodies with filthy rags; and so it allpox appeared in Fortaleza and was raging all through the year. Yellow fever came in November; its victims were counted by scores and hundreds. That curious paralytic disease, the beri beri, raged in the interior villages. Perascione fevers, hardly known before, now assumed a terrible epidemic force. And so with famine and disease and misery the weary months were away, and all menhumanity could give them nothing. Unhappy How should she know that this black year was to be only the prelude to her greater suffering

DAWN OF THE YEAR 1878. Picture to yourself the condition of Ceará in January, 1878. A province dried up, blasted. Pastures without grass, forests without leases, rivers without water, fields without crops. The cattle industry destroyed utterly: only a few beeves survived about the larger towns of the thousands that had roamed over these plains. The cotton and sugar industries almost annihilated; no mandioca even, except in obliged to go five or six miles from their houses to die for water in the bed of some torrent. At least two hundred thousand refugees encamped about the larger towns-70,000 of these added to the which in many places had reached twenty per day A mortality from disease very much greater. No money in the provincial treasury; no hope of outside aid, except the drop of private charity, and all men looked for rain. I have letters from the interior that cover all this period; you will see if I exagthat cover all this period; you will see if I exag-gerate. A letter from Aracaly, December 26, says:— The current of emigration continues to swell. On some days more than a thousand refugees have entered this town. Already we have an adventitious population of 46,009 souls. During the past month there died 403 persons, and as we have no epidemic here we must suppose that the greater part of this mortality arose from bad alimentation or actual famine. A little later, the note says, sixty-seven persons died on the 30th of December and sixty-six on the 31st.

Missao Velua, Dec. 13,
There are no more provisions; the people are
dying at a terrible rate. Every day six or eight of
them are buried. Those who die in the public roads
are caten by wild animals.

LAVRAS, Dec. 25. Matters are going on badly enough. For more than twenty days the Government Commission has had nothing at their disposal. They have used ever possible means, but they have found no one to len them even \$50. The state of things among the popeople is terrible: 220 persons have died of hunger, have a list of these, not including the deaths from dysentery and from eating wild roots.

The drought is raging terribly; many people has died of hunger and the rest are in desputr. All put lie and private aid has been used up long ago. Mar dieca meal has a nominal price of twenty cents for little teacupful, but it can hardly be obtained. Re padouras, a coarse sugar used by the Nertanezos, areighteen cents each—five times the regular price, say nothing of rice, corn and beans, because the have disappeared absolutely.

MENDICANTS PRAYING FOR POOD.

MENDIOANTS PRAYING FOR FOOD.

ASSAMR, Dec. 17.

How can I describe the misery that reigns here! Scoros of persons have died from the effects of famine, though it is true that many of these cases were complicated by eating wild roots, raw mandioca, &c. Hundreds are poisoned by these roots and must die in a few days. Day and night our doors are besieged by endaverous, almost naked mendicants. But very few jersons can give any more, for if they do they will soon be obliged to beg with the rest. When the table is laid the house is often invaded, even inside, by children, young girls, men; they come up to us and kneel on the floor to sak for a mersel "for love of God." Men, women and children congregate in the streets and yards to gather melon rinds, manno skins and reces and other rotuse; they eat all without fear of the result, which may be bad enough. They eat soap-berries even!

Breso Secco, Dec. 10.

eat soap-berries even!

BRESO SECCO, Dec. 10.

The body of a man was brought to the church,
the same hammock were two cuildren ready to die. A gentleman who had just come from Saboeira t

Fortaleza writes:—

I found bodies by the rosastde in many pla

some that I helped bury had already been torn by From Granja, near the sea coast, where many refugees had congregated, a government con

sioner writes:—

As I pen these lines I am tormented, almost deafened by cries, imprecations, tears, groans of a people driven wild and agonized by famine, nakedness and disease. A thousand sta time, they beg a morsel for the love of God, for the divine pity, that they may save for a moment some child torn by hunger. A grave woman, pushed about by the people, begs to save herself from the monster that devours her to save the child in her womb. Another cries for broth for her husband, who is prostrated, almost inanimate by that worst of diseases, famine. Another shows her bouy body, with hardly rags to cover her nakedness—a horrible sight. Another begs help for her husband, her son, her brother, all dying together. One just cried to me, "Help me for the five wounds of Christ! I am falling." This one says, "Senfor, listen to me, who am dying with my children." She cries, groans, curses; but what can I do? there are many; there are so many, alas! Thousands who would have help at once. And how shall I help them when I have no resources? Eight days age the commission bought provisions and arranged money on the faith of the government, which had promised resources. But these have not come. We can do nothing, and the people are cursing us, "They give only to their favorites," the crowd says, and then they cry flercely, "You have food for us; give it at once!"

BAUBALHA, Jan. 1, 1878.

We calculate that the deaths from hunger alone sioner writes:-

LIVING SKELFTONS BUSH TO THE COAST. real it was. The tears come to my eyes even now when I read these piteous cries for help. Hunger, when the second great famine year broke upon her March despair; no rains at all in some places, little useless showers at best. And now comes the most Sertao. No food, and no possibility of obfaining it except along the sea shore. Then the whole bewildered, famine-stricken, panie-wild crowd caine rushing down to Foraleza and the coast cities. Without food for the road, naked, sick, dying, even as they fied from death-every man for himself. Children striving vainly to keep up with their parents, crying as they roll over the stones, with bleeding feet and skeleton bodies, walking, crawling along, begging where no sands. They were famished when they started Three, four, five days they held their way. Then they fell by the roadside and grouned and died. Some pitying hand, perhaps, threw a handful of earth over em, but, for the most part, each was too busy with his own safety to care for others. So our human

ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY THOUSAND PROPLE PER-

The greatest mortality from hunger was probably in March from February I to May 1 when the exc dus was taking place. I can hardly calculate the number of famine deaths at less than one hundred thousand; and during the whole drought probably should add that my calculations are much lower than those of other persons; some place the entire number as high as three hu thousand. In Arneaty the death rate fluctuated between ninety and one hundred and ten a day; in Fortaleza it was less at this time, but eighty per day was bad enough. I have notices of ten, twenty or nore daily deaths in small villages; and everywhe along the rowisides nameless crosses still tell the story of uncatalogued victims. Dark tales of can-

Quixeramobim I translate as follows:—

EATING HIS OWN CHILD.

I write in haste. Have no time to transcribe the scenes of horror about me. It is enough to give you as a specimen one nameless crime. A father, whose nature was so overcome by hunger that he killed and cooked in a pot his little child, two years cild. This took place in California (a gettlement near Quixads). The father died soon after his horrible feast. I have three or four similar stories, very well authenticated. I believe that these and other cases of cannibalism were caused by insanity—a common result of hunger. I quote also a letter from Jaguaribé-Mirim, one of many that tell the same story:—

many that tell the same story:—

This village is full of abandoned children; the despairing fathers would no longer see them torn by this monster hunger. This very day, while I was eating dinner, my house was invaded by a crowd of these wretched children, very skeletons, who could hardly speak. Some of them were so weak that they would take only soup, obstinately refusing more solid food. The road from here to Aracaty is full of bodies. You can count the crosses by hundreds. The other day, in an abandoned house, there were found five bodies of refugees, four children and one old woman. By the bodies there were three strips of leather in the kettle over the ashes of an extinguished fire. A dog, the faithful friend of the family, was still watching them. Near Lettrade three young girls and an old man were foundering the fiesh of a dead horse which lay by the roadside. This was a family from Laoras. Even in the villages these poor wretches no longer ask for maudicea meal; they sak for cats and dogs to est.

ger.

Varzea Alegre, Feb. 22, 1878.

We pray God that He will give pasturage to our few horses, so that we may not be forced to fly on foot with our families. Many have died of hunger; many still are dying. The wild roots are all gone. You can imagine what the drought is here when I tell you that the sister of the Baron of Aquivaz is eating innouman seeds; so her herdsman, Mariano, tells me. Now, if this lady, sister of a man who before the drought was one of the richest in the province, is going to the woods after mucuman with her slaves, what must be the condition of the poor? WHAT CAN THE GOVERNMENT DO ?

from February 10 to March 18 was 664; in Corin, during the same time, nearly four hundred were recorded, and so on for the other villages. But by May the interior of the province was almost deserted. Even tained a tenth of their original por The scene of misery was transferred to the sea coast. nal neglect somewhere; history will record where the sin lies. During the great exodus and for a month before there were two government store-houses at Fortaleza full of provisions. And yet the were dying by thousands! The wonder is that these starving crowds did not sack the storehouses. They threatened to often enough. There were disturbances whole, no serious riots. The people would starve But after this I have less ill to say of the general government. On the 6th of January old corrupt Ministry was deposed and the new one, known as the "Sinimbú Cabinet," came into power. In a lame way this new Ministry practised economy. It sold the useless iron-clads, dis-charged officials, avoided foolish schemes, tried to bring decency into the Custom House, and honestly endeavored to aid the drought stricken districts. It was hard work. A deficit of \$40,000,000; uncertain income; outside credit gone. So the govern-ment was reduced to the unhappy expedient of paper money. The Minister of Finance was authorized to issue 60,000,000 milrels, or \$30,000,000 par value; up to January 1 of this year about \$10,000,000 tims. Of course the result was to depress the value of this irredeemable paper; but we must not judge of this freedomanic paper; but we must not judge Brazil too harshly; the necessity was a fearful one. A million people were to be fed—a tenth of the popu-lation. The paper money decree took effect on the 16th of April, and from this time the issues of food and money were generous enough. But, from the first, both public and private charity made the terrible mistake of giving food without returns, leaving the people in idleness. The result was inevitable. After a few weeks the pessants settled into a condition of easy mendicancy and idleness-would not work when they could. They lay all day in their filthy huts, drew their rations and cooked them, grew fat but not healthy, for their laziness made them fit food for disease.

THE PILTRY REPUGEES EMIGRATE. Por those that wished to emigrate the government paid a deck passage. In the early part of 1878 es-pecially the number of these emigrants was very great—as many as 1,000 on one steamer. They took Pernambuco or Rio. Packed in dirty crowds on the ressel. Offensive, even to the sailors, by their fillthi-

the smallpox appeared among them on the thrown into the sea. Probably fifty thousand emi grants left Cears. They were received kindly enough in the other provinces, though their needs were not always promptly met. But for the most part they would not work; their mendicant habits were now so confirmed that they would only beg or starve. I think they had some vague idea that as they were victims of a terrible misfortune they had a right to filch their living from the world. So they nursed their niving from the world. So they nursed their misery long after people had ceased to pify them. The neat Para peasants despised them. At best they were unfitted for a forest life; so they begged and starved and sickened and died, just as they had in their own province. A few of the best hands found regular employment and went on wel civilize the Ceara peasants. The refugee crowds should have been put under mili-tary rule; decent houses should have been provided for them; cleanliness vigorously enforced, and vaccination carried out, un of the law for a non-vaccinated person. Above all, the rations should have been given only in payment for work. In this way the government could have built railroads, secured a harbor for Fortaleza, and so on, and the poor people would have been saved ing those who urged the necessity of giving work instead of alms. Indeed, the plan was carried out in some places, as at Baturité, and with very happy re-sults. But it was not until July, 1878, that the gov-There was a little railroad from Fortaleza to Pacatuba, thirty-five miles. The affairs of the road were in a ruinous condition, so the company was glad to sell it to the government at a low price. A party of engineers was sent up from Rio, and in July surveying and work were commenced simultaneously for a continuation of the road to way. Another railroad was started in the province and various public buildings were put up. refugees were also employed to clean streets, in the government storehouses, and so on.

And now we come to the last sad scene, the scene hat is yet unrolling itself, and no one can tell the end. Unhappy province! Pitiless indeed would be he who could view the tortures unmoved. Consider the province as it was in June, 1878. The interior region, once well populated, was now almost de-serted. Only a few starving families remained to mark thriving towns and villages. I state literal truth when I say that in the fall of this year it was almost impossible to travel far from the torly unattainable as they would be in the I have conversed with a man who made the journey to Crate in November; he described a howling derness, where one sees only described houses and leafless trees and crosses by the roadside. With our genial climate we cannot understand a real drought. In Ceará birds and insects died during the first blazing summer. Imagine what the plains must have been with a second dry year. The whole population miles in its greatest width running along the coast. The people were crowded about the cities and ernment rations. At one time there were 150,000 of them at Fortslezs, 80,000 at Aracaty, and so on for

The people had food enough, but still the death rate increased steadily. In Fortaleza it had reached 200 per day, even as early as May or June. In Araberi-beri, a little cholera. Yellow fever disappeared with the spring months. But above all oth cases the smallpox began to assume a terrible preeminence. It was worst at Portaleza. Very few of the people were vaccinated. Isolation of was never enforced. The postilence, confined at first to the refugees, soon spread to the richer classes. By October the 150,000 adventitions population had dwindled to 70,000 or 90,000, including the towns-people; many had died, many had emigrated. Among those that were left the pestilence was stalking and marking its victims. On November 1 99 persons and this out of a population of only 90,000. Your vellow fever deaths never reached such a proportion. But the disease went on increasing rapidly. Two hundred, three hundred, four hundred deaths a day toward the end of November the figures ran above five hundred. On the 30th there were 574 registered, but this includes only the interments in the public to bury their dead in the city cometery. There were peasants who were laid in the thick forest or carried

APPALLING DEATH LISTS. The whole number of registered deaths in Nover Lagoa-funda was 11,075. Of these 9,270 were smallpox cases. But I think we must add to this at least one thousand buried, as I have said, in the woods or sunk in the sea. At this time there were 30,000 sick-more than a third of the population, Still the death rate increased. On December 10 808 smallpox dead were buried in the cemetery of Lagoa-funds, at least 75 in San Joac, and probably 150 in the woods and the seas total death record of over 1,000 in a single dayand this out of a population (now reduced) of only 75,000. The great plague at London reached this 300,000. After this the mortuary rate decreased, but only because the disease had nothing more to feed exempt from smallpox. A few, no doubt, were saved by vaccination. By the end of the year the exempt from smallpox. A few, no doubt, number of deaths for the month was not far from 21,000. In all great epidemics, it is said, the people become indifferent to their danger. In Fortaleza this indifference was sufficiently astonishing. When I rate was 400 per day; but business was going on

much as usual, and hardly anybody had been driven

DURYING IN TRENCHES AT LAGOA-FUNDA.

Fortaleza is a very neat and pretty town, with wide streets and shaded squares. I noticed the groups of ragged, dirty people lounging around the street corners. Farther out were the long rows of huts, a hundred or more clustered together. or twice I passed men carrying coffins on their active business. But the pestilence was all about me. I went to the graveyard of Lagoa-funda, where the poor people are buried; for the old cemetery was overflowing long ago, and the government had this one made a league out of town, on the leeward side. The precautions were necessary, too. The fithy huts were bad enough, without the worse evil of a poisoned air. At Lagos-funda the dead are buried in trenches, twelve together: "except," remarked one of the overseers, "where the bodies come in too fast for us; then we put fifteen or twenty in a trench, conforme." The trenches are deep; the bodies are placed in two layers and well covered. But the soil is of sharp silicious sand, with no more disinfectant properties rotting underneath it the stench was nearly insup-portable. I stood it for five minutes before I turned ble sight. What I saw was this. A series of pits or trenches, about seven feet by twelve and seven deep; some of them empty, others half full of corpses, not cleanly clad bodies, with folded hands and closed eyes, resting peacefully in polished coffins; the death hideous, filthy masses of sores, with the staring wide open eyes full of sand, the limbs of sores. There was no covering but the dirty rags they died in. Men, wemen and children were indiscriminately thrown into these holes and partially covered with sand.

Here is a tableau. A great open field with thousands of mounds in it—trenches that had been filled in. A score of men digging new pits. A procession of bodies coming in, some on litters, oftener tied to a pole between two men. Half naked bodies with the horrible white sores on them. Child corpses on trays, carried on men's heads. Sometimes two or three bodies tied together to a pole, or rolled in a hammock. Of course the stench is worse in trenches close beside the old ones. Several case